EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXV.—No. 1. **A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.** SEPTEMBER 12, 1909.

LAKE COMO, ITALY.

CHEER UP, CHEER UP!

"Cheer up, cheer up!" just hear him
Far down that leafy lane,—
A crimson-breasted robin
A-whistling in the rain.
Never a minor chord,
Never a doleful note;
Glad of the day, be it bright or gray,—
Nature's philosopher, singing away
In his rusty old brown coat.

"Cheer up!" he tells us gladly
From the dripping maple trees;
His music counteracting
The moan of the leaden seas.
Never the least complaint;
Glad of his acorn cup;
Telling us how to be happy now,
To forget all the ills which our race endow,
And sing to the world, "Cheer up."

LUCY H. THURSTON.

Every man depends on the quantity of sense, wit, or good manners he brings into society for the reception he meets with in it.

HAZLITT.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

GOETHE.

THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

Said Wind to the bright little weather vane,
"I'll teach you, I'll teach you;
Mind my commands, come sunshine or rain;
I'll teach you, I'll teach you."

Said Wind to the bright little weather vane,
"Find east, dear, the east, dear;
'Tis where the sun comes up again,
The east, dear, the east, dear.

"Now turn to the west where the sun goes down,
The west, dear, the west, dear;
See all the little clouds wear a shining crown
In the west, dear, in the west, dear.

"Now turn to the south where the warm winds blow,
The south, dear, the south, dear;
You will like that best of all, I know,
The south, dear, the south, dear.

"Now turn to the home of the north wind bold,
Find north, dear, the north, dear;
Ugh! ice and snow—but who cares for the cold?
The north, dear, the north, dear.

"North, west, east, and south, now find in turn,
That's right, dear, just right, dear;
You're a brave little fellow, and quick to learn;
Good-night, dear, good-night, dear."

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE STORY OF WHITIE.

BY MARTHA FLETCHER AMES.

HOWARD and Martha are two little children. Martha is Howard's sister. Howard is seven years old, and Martha five.

Once they lived away across the Pacific Ocean; but they cannot remember it, for their parents brought them to California when they were very small.

Now they have their home near that of Whitie's mistress. Their father bought six lovely white chickens for them, and a lady gave them a pair of speckled bantams.

The fowls were put into a yard, and the children played with them to their hearts' content.

Little Martha would say, "Now I am going to make them tame," and she would try to take one up; but the chickens did not like it and made a great fluttering.

Martha would try first one and then another. The chickens got used to it after a while, and both Howard and his sister would go about with a chicken in their arms.

One day Howard said: "I am going to let the chickens out a while. They are tired of being shut up, I'm sure. We shouldn't like it." And he began to open the gate.

"No," said Martha quickly, "mamma told us not to."

"Why not?" said Howard, who had forgotten.

"Because they will run into Mrs. Dunham's grounds, and mamma said that wouldn't be right."

Howard shut the gate, for the children had been taught to obey; but down in his heart he wondered why mamma thought it wasn't right.

One day when the little folks were getting tired of their pets, Whitie came wandering along that way.

She was looking plump and lively, and was craik, craik, craiking, as she came.

She looked into a box, walked slyly in, then came out and examined another box; but it did not seem to suit her.

"She acts as though she didn't want us to see her," said Howard.

The children watched her, and at last she went to the yard where the other fowls were and tried to squeeze in through the pickets.

Howard went softly up and opened the gate just enough for her to get in.

She chose a nest in a dark corner and stepped carefully in.

The children couldn't see her now; but they kept on the lookout, and, after what seemed to them a long time, the hen came out in sight and cackled with all her might.

Howard rushed into the yard and came back with an egg in his hand,—light tan color, not white as you might suppose.

He ran with it to mother, and she said, "Put it back in the nest: perhaps she will lay again to-morrow." But she did not.

The next day, however, there was a new egg, and the hen kept on laying until there were twelve beautiful eggs in the nest.

Then she began to sit, and the children could hardly wait for the time when there should be chicks.

But it came at last, and there was great rejoicing over the little yellow downy things.

Every child that came near wanted to hold one in his hand.

Well, the chickens grew and thrived. Then the question arose, to whom did they belong?

A boy cousin who had looked up the subject said they were the property of the people on whose grounds the eggs had been laid; but a little later Martha said to a neighbor, who was looking at the fluffy brood, "They're not ours yet [that had been papa's decision]; but perhaps papa will buy them for us. It is Elsie's hen."

But Elsie's papa said that the chickens should be Howard's and Martha's. The hen should come back to Elsie when she left her brood. This plan satisfied the children.

For Every Other Sunday.

A FIR TREE FROM SENIR.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

"HOW refreshing!" said grandma. "The air smells real balmy this morning. She sniffed as she did when a blush rose was brought in to her from the garden. Though she did not stop to look out of the bedroom window, a bright little smile began to flutter over her face.

She was doing what she called "spreading back the bedclothes so that they would air good." She always did that work as early as she could after rising. It was done carefully, too, so as not to wrinkle the sheets and pillowcases.

Teddy had seen such a smile as this fade away from grandmother's face sometimes as she got busier and busier with her work. He did not understand all the cares which had come to the dear old lady in her path of life, nor how the hard work she had done had taken away much of the joy she might have held close; but he did want her smiles to stay.

So he slipped up to grandmother and said: "I can put that pillow just right across the back of the red chair for you. And I can puff both pillows up without leaking the feathers out. Then you'll have time to see—the robin."

He didn't know just how to end his sentence without telling his great secret. So he finished up with the name of the bird which began to chirrup just then. She was away down in Mr. Bingham's orchard, and grandmother hadn't been able to hear a robin's song that distance for many and many a year.

"I don't hear any bird," said grandmother, pulling the quilt back and carefully straightening it out. "I guess it is just the teakettle you hear. The fire is burning up real brisk."

And then, just as Teddy thought he must tell her his great secret, the breeze came round the corner of the house and rattled grandmother's spectacles down from the window-sill. When she stooped to pick up the glasses, she sniffed ever so much harder than she had at first. Then her hands went up in astonishment, the spectacle case held in one and a couple of hairpins in the other.

"Deary, deary me!" she cried, with the smiles fluttering over her face as if they never meant to leave it. "No wonder I thought the air was balmy. Somebody has set out a fir tree right in front of my bedroom window. It's just where the old one stood that was blown down in '99."

She leaned over the window-sill so eagerly that her spectacles tumbled out of the black leather case and rattled down among the currant bushes.

"I'll get them," said Teddy, and away his feet flew.

As soon as he stooped down, grandmother's arms slipped around his neck so quickly that some of the currant twigs tickled his neck.

"It was you that got that tree," she cried joyously. "Grandfather may have helped you dig it, so as to be sure and get all the little roots. But you put him up to it."

"I—I couldn't lift grandpa into a tree," said Teddy, trying to hide the merry twinkles in his eyes.

"You know what my old-fashioned talk means," laughed grandmother. "I know you found the tree in the south woods and asked grandpa to help you get it. I don't believe there's another one so nice in the whole town. And deary, deary me, this is Arbor Day! That is some more of it."

"But still more of it is in what you told me last winter that the Bible said about the fir trees. You read me how that when Solomon built his great house the ceiling was of fir wood. And he made the floor of the Temple of fir wood. That meant God was over them and under them—and everywhere, for the fir wood lasts so long."

"And how about the houses at Tyre?" asked grandmother, with her old eyes twinkling like those of a happy bird.

Teddy had to think a moment. Then he said, "'They have built all thy planks of fir trees from'—its almost like sinners."

"Senir is the name, my boy. You have done well to remember so much. But the best part is that you know that God is round us everywhere."

"Senir," repeated Teddy. He was so glad the smiles were fastened on grandmother's face.

"I'm so thankful they started this Arbor Day," the dear old lady went on. "They didn't have it when I was young. But it's brought great joy to me. There's no doubt I putter around with the bedclothes, and such things, too much in the morning. I need the tree to tell me that

"'God is round about me,
And should I be afraid?'"

"Don't it smell balmy?" said Teddy, "It's a real Senir fir."

"Yes, yes," said grandmother sniffing gleefully. "Was that the teakettle singing again?"

"No, that was the robin," smiled Teddy.

For Every Other Sunday.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

April 3, 1822–*June* 10, 1909.

BY LUCRETIA MACY GARDNER.

THERE were several red-letter days in the life of this dear old man, who, though born right here in Boston, seemed to belong to every land and nation.

He himself wrote that in September, 1796, his mother, Sarah Everett, was born in the Everett Homestead that used to stand on Edward Everett Square, Dorchester (Boston), and that date was to be marked with red in the history of his family.

When a boy friend, named Nathan Hale, spent his first vacation from Exeter with the brother of this little girl, it was said that both young men cut off the queues with which their hair was dressed, and gave them to Sarah for her doll's wig. When she was twenty, this same girl was married to the friend, and that made a second red-letter day.

Dr. Hale used to say that he could not remember who taught him to read, but he supposed it was a Miss Susan Whitney, to whose school he asked to be sent before he was three years old.

It was the trusty friend and servant, Abel Fullam, who took the four Hale children to school, going from the house whose front door opened where the Ladies' Entrance of the Parker House (Boston) opens to-day, near School Street, on Tremont.

Twice a day, except on Thursdays and Saturdays, when the children went but once, Abel was their devoted companion, and in winter made a box sleigh in which he dragged his charges down Washington Street, which was like a country road at that time, in contrast with the street of to-day.

The little boy made rapid progress at school; for at nine he was ready for the Boston Latin School, and, when thirteen, applied for examination for Harvard College.

Dr. Hale wrote in regard to this: "My brother and I borrowed the horse and chaise of our uncle, who was a doctor. We rose at five, and presented ourselves a trifle later, arriving at college at six A.M. Because of the fact that they were not *quite* on time, they were placed in what was called the 12th section with Francis Hays and Samuel Longfellow, who had arrived that morning from Maine. These men proved to be lifelong friends.

At that time there were only two hundred and fifty boys at college, among them, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Samuel Eliot, and many others whose reputation in after days made the class of 1839 famous.

After graduation Dr. Hale served for two years as usher in the Boston Latin School, while he studied church history and theology, and received his license to preach in 1842.

On October 13, 1852, he was married to Emily Baldwin Perkins, niece of the late Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Four children survive him.

The Church of the Unity, Worcester, was his first parish, where he stayed eleven years, then received a call to the South Congregational Church (Boston), then at the corner of Motte on Washington Street. He remained as active preacher in this society until a few years before his death, when he was made pastor emeritus.

Dr. Hale was appointed Chaplain of the United States Senate where he enjoyed meeting people from all parts of the world. Those who were privileged to hear him while in Washington were not only impressed with the helpful religion of the minister, but also with the earnest enthusiasm of the man as he listened to the debates.

His father, Nathan Hale, was one of the editors of the first magazine devoted to literature and politics published in the United States. And our Mr. Hale used to say that he had learned every part of making a book, from setting type to reviewing manuscript.

Surely he learned the art of telling a good story well, and he began early in life to write for publication. At the head of the long list of books that bear his name we must always place "A Man Without a Country." On July 4 of this year, I read it again while in a little cottage within sound of the booming surf, and my heart was stirred anew with this pathetic lesson of patriotism.

Some of Mr. Hale's other books are: "Ten Times One is Ten," which gave rise to the forming of Lend-a-Hand societies all over the world; "In His Name"; "Ups and Downs"; "Christmas Eve and Christmas Day"; "His Level Best"; "If Jesus came to Boston"; "Memories of One Hundred Years"; and others.

There was held on his eightieth birthday a great celebration, in Boston, at Symphony Hall. Senator Hoar presided, and Mr. Benjamin J. Lang conducted the music.

On June 13, 1909, a reverent throng gathered on Sunday afternoon in the church where Mr. Hale had preached so many years, to do honor to him who lay as if in sleep. According to his wishes, the services were arranged as nearly as possible like those of every Sunday morning.

When we looked at the speaking likeness of Edward Everett Hale, which appeared in a recent *Every Other Sunday*, and thought of his long and useful life, three words came to our mind: Helpful, hearty, humorous, and we might add many more, for his watchword was brotherly kindness, and he was a lover of Peace.

IN SEPTEMBER.

Mornings frosty grow, and cold;
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
When the rustling corn grows sere;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call;
Here and there a few leaves fall;
In the meadows larks sing sweet;
Chirps the cricket at our feet,—
In September.

Noons are sunny, warm, and still;
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill;
Amber sunshine's on the floor
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak,
Never found, though long we seek;
Oft comes faint report of gun;
Busy flies buzz in the sun,—
In September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp,
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns and kettle sings,
Smoke ascends in thin blue rings;
On the rug the children lie;
In the west the soft lights die;
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out sweetly, lingers long,—
In September.

Sunday Afternoon.

There are interests by the sacrifice of which peace is too dearly purchased. One should never be at peace to the shame of his own soul,—to the violation of his integrity, or of his allegiance to God. CHAPIN.

For Every Other Sunday.

DONALD'S EXPERIENCE.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

"School-days, school-days,
Dismal, dismal, school-days":

DONALD was singing at the top of his voice; and there was a good deal of rebellion mixed in with the noise. Donald didn't like school. Last year he and his teacher had had trouble continually. At the end of the year he had not passed, and that fact had not contributed to a love of school. He was just at the trying age that comes before the teens. He had lately refused to run races because he "felt so big and awkward,"—a very new thing, indeed,—and he did not seem to want to do anything but sit and read "Tiptops."

Donald's mother sighed as the sound floated down to her. It was her first experience with boys at this particular age, and she was certainly worried.

Next morning Donald lay apparently asleep quite beyond his usual hour.

"Donald! Donald! Get up! You will be late for school if you don't hurry."

"O mother, I can't go to school to-day. I've got a headache. And I've got a sore throat. It's awful sore, really. I think I must be going to have diph-theria. They won't let me go to school with an in-fec-tious disease."

It was funny, but Donald's mother did not laugh. However, by vigorous maternal persuasion, he was at last aroused and put through his breakfast which he was seldom so ready to sacrifice.

But he couldn't find his arithmetic, and he couldn't find his geography. He exhibited an unsuspected tear in his coat. He couldn't go to school without a pencil. In short, he drove his mother almost distracted before he was finally despatched with face shining from cleanness, but exceedingly gloomy. The mother waited his return with fear and trembling. Would it be like this every day in the coming year?

But her fears were set at rest. Donald came back whistling. He conversed enthusiastically all through dinner about the game "Us fellows played at recess," and he went back to school without one protest. His mother watched his departing figure with relief still mixed with anxiety. Would it last?

It was not till supper-time that she found an opportunity to ask the question that had been trembling in her heart all day. She tried to ask it carelessly, but it was very hard to make her tone careless. So much depends on an answer to mothers who love their boys very much, and perhaps fear that they may be a little spoiled.

"Well, how do you like your teacher, Donald?"

"Oh, she's all right! She wears a white dress, and her eyes are awful bright, and her hair's pretty, too,—sort of fluffy and sticks out all around,—I don't mean careless, you know, but sort of curly. Bill Bowman says he bets she's the best teacher in the building. She's nice, too. She's got two younger brothers at home, and I guess she knows about boys."

His mother drew a long breath of relief that

was almost a sob. She was so glad, so glad! She laughed happily to herself as she mended the torn waist that had suffered in the game. She laughed still more happily the next morning, for Donald was up early and singing at the top of his voice:

"School-days, school-days,
Happy golden-rule days!"

"It's all right," smiled the mother through the tears that would come at the sound—she had cared so much. "I believe Donald will get along in school all right this year."

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW NERO TOOK CARE OF NED.

BY FLORENCE D. CONDICT.

NERO went everywhere with Ned but to Sunday School, and he pleaded very hard in good dog language to go there too, but was told that only little boys went to Sunday School.

To-day Nero was instructed to take care of Ned. He wagged his tail to prove that he understood, and licked his little master's hand. Mamma and grandpa had driven to town with old Jim, and grandma was busily putting the house in order for Sunday.

"What shall we do?" questioned Ned.

Nero wagged and barked.

"Oh, you want to play stick?"

"Yes," yapped the dog.

So Ned picked up a small branch and threw it. Off dashed Nero and back he came proudly bearing the twig. Again and again boy and dog repeated the prank, and then Ned proposed, "Let's pull the leaves off the limbs so that winter will come sooner, for it cannot be winter until all the leaves are off."

He ran to a lilac bush and worked busily, stripping the foliage; but Nero did not like this sport very much, and so hide-and-seek was the next suggestion.

"Now you stay right here, Nero, while I go and hide."

And Nero stayed. After a short interval he dashed around the house to search for his small master, and, when he found him, almost tore off Ned's clothes in his joyous excitement.

"I guess we'll go and meet mother and get a ride home in the buggy," said Ned. "And maybe grandpa will have peppermints in his coat pocket."

Nero wrinkled his forehead, he thought it would be better to stay at home. And, when Ned started on his expedition, the dog tried to pull him back with his teeth on Ned's jacket. Grandma was nowhere to be seen, and so Ned had his way.

Off they trotted, the dog very close to his master and licking his hand affectionately.

But the road to town was dusty and up many hills. "It's a long way, isn't it?" heaved the boy presently.

"Come back, come back!" urged Nero.

"No, I am going to meet mother and get a ride home."

But it began to grow dark, and the road had more stones and more dust and more hills than he had ever remembered. A huge tear, much too large for so small a boy, welled out of Ned's eye, slid down and hit Nero on the back. There was no use of going any farther, and Ned sat down in the middle of the road to wait.

"It's cold, too. I am going to put my hands into your fur as if you were a muff."

This was so comfortable that Ned soon fell fast asleep, while Nero remained on the alert watch to protect him from all harm.

What was that? Surely a rumble of wheels. Nero growled. Gently he pulled himself out from under Ned's curly head, and, with ears erect, ran toward the sound. He barked and listened, then barked again, then he whined. It was Jim, and the horse whinnied to know what was the matter with Nero.

"Why, there's Nero!" exclaimed mamma. "Where can Ned be?" She pulled up the horse. "Where is your little master, Nero?"

The dog ran to the side of the carriage and informed her as plainly as he could that Ned was in the middle of the road, asleep.

"Will you take me to him?" asked mamma, getting out. And Nero grabbed her dress with his teeth to urge her to come. "Drive on, father, and I will follow with Nero."

But at this Nero was in a panic. He did not want Jim to move. He barked at each footstep that the horse took, almost getting himself stepped on, in his frantic effort to make the horse stand still. So grandpa had to wait there for mamma.

Then Nero, satisfied that his little master was not going to be run over, urged mamma ahead.

"Why, what is that in the road?" cried mamma. "It looks like my son's coat. It is my son's coat. And what? Why, my little son is inside of it."

Mamma lifted the sleeping child in her arms, then beckoned to grandpa to come, while Nero wagged his tail and barked with joy that his little playmate was safe again.

"You are a good old dog," said mamma, patting him.

That night Nero had a beefsteak bone for a reward.

AT THE SEASHORE.

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL.

SEPTEMBER, O September!
The early month of fall!
In brilliancy and beauty
It far excels them all!

The sky's a dome of azure,
The air is soft and cool,
The teeming earth about us
With radiance is full.

The woods and fields are gorgeous
In autumn's gay attire,
The maples flaming scarlet,
The sumach all on fire.

The wayside is uplifting
Tall sprays of goldenrod,
Beside them purple asters
Are springing from the sod.

And spreads of yellow daisies
The meadow-lands adorn,
And the farmers all are busy
With shocks of ripened corn.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

FLORA'S MESSAGE.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

THIS story is true. The young girl, whom we will call Lilian, is the daughter of a professor of music well known in this country, also in England and Germany.

While studying music in Germany, he met the young lady who became his wife. Recently she went with her three little girls to the fatherland and the old home for a long visit. Grandpa and grandma live in Munich in winter, and have a beautiful summer home in the country. They keep horses and cows, and the children had a delightful time—almost lived outdoors.

The first summer Lilian, then about fourteen, learned to ride horseback. There was a pretty mare, that we would call Flora in English,—the nearest we can come to her German name. She was spirited, but so gentle that the family were not afraid to let the young girl ride her alone in the woods and along the quiet country roads. She used to pet and talk to her while out riding, and give her apples, sugar, and grass from her hand. When she wrote home to her American grandma, she had more to say about her good times with Flora than almost anything else.

All went well the first summer. She had

learned to ride astride. Many think it the safer way, but it certainly is not graceful or attractive. The second summer she thought she was growing up too fast for that, and she petitioned for a side-saddle. It was sent for, but there was some delay. One morning it came, and she directly mounted and rode away alone as usual. This was a great oversight on the part of her friends. Some one certainly should have been with her, for Flora had never been used to a side-saddle. She did not like it, nor the heavy skirt flapping against her.

Besides, the day was very warm; and in the woods the flies and mosquitoes were intolerable. They are said to be worse in Germany than in this country, and they are bad enough here to drive a horse frantic in the woods a sultry day. Grandpa had said at the outset that she must only ride in the morning and evening, but his caution seemed to have been forgotten.

Straight into the woods went the little rider in all the heat. Flora was uneasy, partly on account of the side-saddle, partly that all sorts of insects were holding carnival. She grew more and more restive, and after awhile reared. Lilian kept her place. But Flora reared again; and this time, in her fright and worry, fell over backward. Lilian lay still on the ground, unable to move and in severe pain.

Flora rolled herself sideways, away from Lilian, whom she was evidently trying not to touch, and scrambled up. At first she tore round the adjoining field like a mad creature, then she came quietly back, stood beside Lilian, and looked down at her with dismay and grief in her soft brown eyes. She put her head down, and gently, very gently, touched Lilian's face and hand. Then she turned, and went swiftly to the house, no doubt to give information and bring aid.

Fortunately the wagon stood ready in the yard, half full of fresh grass, which had just been cut. There was no question of what had happened when Flora rushed up to the house without her rider.

Lilian was quite conscious, but could not be touched without hurting her. As gently and tenderly as possible she was lifted and laid on the soft grass in the wagon, carried home, and put into bed. She was soon relieved of her terrible pain, but for weeks she had to lie still.

Flora evidently missed the gentle voice and hand she knew so well, and was delighted to see her again. She seemed to understand that she must carry the little lady very carefully. Many a delightful ride had Lilian afterwards, and no more mishaps occurred.

A FABLE OF TWO LIVES.

The Rose, aloft, in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark Root little care
That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower,
"Pride of the summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?"
And the Rose answered, "I am seen."

I put my question to the Root,
"I mine the earth content," it said;
"A hidden miner underfoot,
I know a Rose is overhead."

J. J. Piatt.

JUST HAPPY.

THE BEST BOOK FOR BOYS.

WHITELAW REID, editor of the New York *Tribune*, was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put into the hands of his clerks for a business hand-book. He recommended "The Book of Proverbs," and the man went to the American Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give here below a few samples out of the book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.

A soft tongue breaketh the bone.

Labor not to be rich.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Buy the truth and sell it not.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup.

A faithful witness will not lie.

The borrower is servant to the lender.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold!

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.

The common course of things is in favor of happiness: happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to the examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.

Paley.

LEARNING OF GOD THROUGH NATURE.

I WOULD have you learn from earth and sky
Their lessons of good, and heed them;
For there our Father with loving hand
Writes truths that a child may understand,
So plain that a child can read them.

PHŒBE CARY.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE CARNIVAL OF FUN.

BY ALICE GAY JUDD.

PART I.

IF it hadn't been for Janet Batterson, the Carnival of Fun would never have been held, and all the good that came from it would never have happened, though none of us viewed Janet's break-down with such prophetic eyes. Janet was working her way through college, and when, in her Junior year, her health failed, the whole college felt that a calamity had befallen it; for Janet was one of the most brilliant girls ever there, and to see her fail in what she was working so hard to gain was more than we could stand.

We talked over a good many plans to help her, when the Y. W. C. A. stepped nobly in, and started a fund that was to be added to each year, to help along worthy students, unable, for financial reasons, to finish their education. The girls were full of enthusiasm for it, and prexy and the directors and every one in authority had given their consent and their sanction, and now it only remained for us to raise the money.

It had sounded so easy and inspiring when Myra Kline, our Y. W. C. A. president, had talked about it in chapel, but now we were seeing the other side of things. You see, it was getting toward the end of the year, and there was still a good deal of money for our class to raise; and, as Janet belonged to us, we felt under special obligations to raise our share. We had tried so many things, it seemed absolutely impossible to get something brand new. We had inaugurated the Twilight Concerts, and they had been a great success and were to be kept up each year. But now we needed something that would capture the hearts and pocketbooks of our friends at one fell swoop.

It seemed as though the Ways and Means Committee had reached its limit. Bess Miller, the chairman, sat all hunched up, the very picture of despair, and even Anne had failed us. Just as the meeting was about to descend bodily into the slough of despond, Christy sat up among her cushions, and cried excitedly: "I have it, girls! The very thing! Do you remember the spring vacation I spent out West, and the Carnival of Fun at the college there? The Athletic Association got it up; but everybody took part, and it was the greatest thing they ever had. They made oceans of money, and it was more fun than a box of monkeys!"

Relief spread like sunshine over the girls' faces. Everybody revived amazingly, and all talked at once. Christy forgot her disjointed ankle in her excitement, until a sudden move drew a groan from her, and then we all subsided to consider how it was going to be done.

The Y. W. C. A. was perfectly delighted when we reported something really new, and Christy was made chairman-in-chief of the whole thing. For, although she was laid up with a sprained ankle, it gave her more time to think and plan than the rest of us, and every one could easily report to her.

How we did work! We planned everything we could think of that was entertaining or funny. The Carnival was to be held in the Gymnasium, and was to last Friday evening and all day Saturday. The big hall was decorated with the colors of the college, classes, sororities, clubs, and the glorious red, white, and blue. All the large rooms were in use, and small ones were made with the help of curtains and screens. It did look so pretty, and, when it was filled with a gay crowd, enjoying every separate bit of amusement, we felt that success was really ours.

The Carnival was to close at six o'clock, with a grand parade and a big dinner, with the faculty for our guests. About three o'clock prexy walked in with a rather crusty-looking old gentleman; and Myra Kline, as head of the Reception Committee, went forward to meet them. Some of us who were standing near couldn't help hearing what followed.

"Well, well," the old gentleman said testily, "what's all this about, President Hodges?"

"This is the Carnival of Fun, of which I told you, Mr. Davidson. The Y. W. C. A. is giving it, and this young lady, Miss Kline, is president."

Myra bowed, but Mr. Davidson scarcely noticed her, and we held our breath, those of us who knew. Mr. D. was a wealthy, eccentric old man, who was talking of giving a generous slice of his fortune to the college, in memory of his daughter, and, oh, how we wanted it!

"Well, well, Mr. President," he said, "if this is what your young ladies are taught—to look and act like hoydens, I think I'll go somewhere else!"

(To be continued.)

OFF TO SCHOOL.

HEAR the school-bell ringing!
See the children bringing
Many books from shelves and cupboards, where they've lain so long;
See the light feet dancing,
O'er the sidewalk prancing,—
Eager feet, with rhythmic beat, there's music in your song.

Happy faces gleaming,—
Eyes with laughter beaming,—
Jolly little lads and lasses, starting off to school;
Full of jubilation,
Joy and expectation,—
Anxious, now, to learn just how to work each coming rule.

Days of glad vacation,
Days of occupation,
Follow in each other's footsteps; quickly past they hie,—
Children starting out to win
Learn, "for good," what they begin;
Also learn to nobly earn vacation by and by.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

A LITTLE ABOUT PANAMA.

BY ANITA LAURENCE STERNE.

ON Friday, Sept. 18, 1908, I drove through the small city of Colon, formerly Aspinwall, in a native *coche*. We passed the Washington Hotel, which looks out on the bay and is somewhat attractive. As we drove by the Episcopal church, we saw a colored boy within on his knees. Colon impressed me as being fairly clean, but not habitable. It is the chief city on the Atlantic coast of the Republic of Panama, and, like all Southern Spanish cities, filled with adobe houses with balcony windows. Its immediate neighbor, Christobal (Canal Zone), belongs to the United States. They are as Roxbury and Dorchester, side by side. Christobal is the entrance to the canal. Erected there is the bronze of Columbus and the Indian girl. It was presented by Empress Eugénie to Colombia, and transferred to M. de Lesseps.

We visited the Isthmian Canal Commission Hospital, and the former residence of de Lesseps, which is now used as the American Administration Building. Much has been done in the past four years to improve Colon, and there is still room for much improvement.

The trip by train from that place to Panama City was very instructive, passing many small but interesting towns of the Zone, which includes five miles each side of the canal the entire length. Monkey Hill has a sad interest, for it holds the bodies of so many unfortunate Frenchmen, stricken with the Chagres fever at the time of the French occupation in 1879 and the early eighties.

We saw the noted Culebra Cut, and held our breaths with the wonders of it. Many Jamaican negroes were at work, as they seem best able to stand the climate and hardships. The remains of the French machinery are still used, and everywhere there was much blasting. The towns "in the line" are for the most part fairly attractive: houses, electricity, water, hospitals, commissaries, schools, and many comforts are provided by the government for its employees, to make living as good as possible.

The houses greatly resemble one another and are mostly "boxes" with wide verandas. All grades of society are employed on the Zone, the highest and lowest. The United States transports its servants, first class, from New York for $20, and at that small expense nearly all return on a yearly vacation.

The American children thrive on the Isthmus; but many of the older people lose their color, health, and dispositions, and surely acquire the mañana habit. There are constant explosions of dynamite which alone must be racking to the nerves. One person will tell you the canal will be finished in five years, another in ten, and the latter is on the safe side. Where Nature helps it will be very wide, in other places it will just allow two boats to pass. What the French were unsuccessful in, the Americans are now sure of a good termination, if they are patient. We consider the $40,000,000 paid to the French government for the distance they had accomplished of about ten miles, for their rights, machinery, etc., a good investment.

Natives came aboard the train at each station with bananas, oranges, plantains, etc. We arrived in Panama City about noon, a distance of forty-eight miles, and went to the Hotel Centrál for a stay of ten days. This hotel is prettily situated "by the Plaza where the band plays," opposite is the grand old Cathedral of Panama, and on the right the Bishop's Palace and Lottery Building in one. During the "reign" of de Lesseps the Centrál was the scene of many brilliant revelries. We visited the National Theatre and Government House and met many prominent Panamanians, the outgoing and incoming presidents and minister to Washington.

I was the third woman to sit in President Amador's chair, in his recently completed suite of rooms. They were very fancy, but splendid taste was shown in every detail.

At the prison and old sea-wall we threw *reales* down to the prisoners, while they rewarded us with pathetic songs and tales of why they were there. The churches are very poor and have been since the government

stopped supporting them, as the majority of people can contribute but little toward the voluntary amount needed. Panama City is wonderfully clean, thanks to the United States government: it is typical of all Panamanian places, with its several plazas, narrows streets, etc. Every street is stone-paved; and is there any city in our country we can say the same of?

Although the capital of the republic of Panama, its sanitary and several other conditions are under the control of the United States. Its market-place is most interesting. Out in the open, under a large awning, I think a representative of every nation in the world was selling his or her goods. Things to eat, wear, and amuse, parrots and other pets were exhibited.

The Tivoli is the largest American Hotel. It is owned by the I. C. C. and was built in 1906, in which to entertain President Roosevelt and his party. It was very costly and has a commanding view of the Pacific. The rates, to those not connected with the government, are very high; but it is run in a thoroughly American way, and one would almost think he were in the States again.

Near by is the I. C. C. hospital, the Episcopal church, the Zone Post-office, and Dingler's Folly, which was a very expensive and attractive house, built by the above named at the time of the French enterprise. His whole family died of the fever while he was away, and he died later, a broken-hearted man.

One morning we drove to Ancon to see the sun rise, and it was a sight I shall never forget: from one part of Ancon Hill the Atlantic and Pacific can be seen at the same time. Where else in the world can that be done?

The Sabanas Road leads to the country where the wealthy Panamanians have their summer homes. On this road we passed varicolored fields, with horses and cows grazing patiently, graceful hills, and everywhere the "old red mud" of Panama, which is utilized in making bricks.

If one drives far enough, he will reach Old Panama,—that rich, wonderful, but unfortunate city of centuries ago, so cruelly disturbed by the English pirate, Morgan, and his bloodthirsty men.

The Canal Zone will one day be a great place. It will be the interest of the world: disease will be erased, and on each side of the banks beautiful towns will flourish, and car lines be established from Colon to Panama. The United States has done, and is doing, a wonderful work, scientifically and healthfully. She has had many natural foes to fight against, and many human ones; but she will present triumphantly a great accommodation to the world in a few years.

Panama, as a republic, is young. It is only five years since she started in to govern herself, after her separation from Colombia in a bloodless revolution; and she has now her second president, Don José Domingo de Obaldia. All is peaceful, and she is going ahead. Her people are law-abiding and anxious for the prosperity of their country.

As I have told you, Christobal is to be the Atlantic entrance to the Canal. Ancon (Canal Zone) is to be that of the Pacific. It is said, from good authority, when the Canal is completed, one can go from New York to San Francisco in ten days. A few weeks ago Captain Russell, of the Pacific Mail Steamship "Newport," used a part of the Canal in leaving Ancon with great success. It saved much time, and was especially interesting, as Captain Russell is the oldest and has served the line longer than any other captain.

CRADLE SONG.

O BLUE eyes close in slumber;
O birdie on your nest,
Sing to my sleepless darling
A little song of rest.

O wind among the roses
Soft through the window creep,
And with your murmur music
Hush baby off to sleep.

O bee, that such soft wooing
Makes for the lily's sake,
Come, sing your song of summer
To little wide-awake.

O cricket on the hearthstone
Chirp low and soft and long
Till little restless baby
Grows drowsy with your song.

And whisper to my darling
That mother's heart will keep
A watch o'er every movement
While baby is asleep.

CARIS BROOKE.

For Every Other Sunday.

HELEN'S BERRYING ADVENTURE.

BY HELEH M. RICHARDSON.

HELEN was spending her summer vacation with her grandmother, who lived in a little farm-house up among the New Hampshire hills. She had never been a timid child, for her mother had always taught her that there was nothing to fear in God's big and beautiful world. So she spent many happy hours roaming alone over the hills and fields which surrounded her grandmother's snug little mountain home.

But, best of all, she delighted to wander out into the large berry pastures which were not very far from the house, especially the one that finally lost itself in a wood lot that led up the mountain side.

She had a little birch bark cup that her grandmother had made for her, with a loop on it to run a string through, and this she wore tied around her waist.

"I wonder if there is any one I could hire to pick me a quart of berries? I would willingly pay ten cents for them. I have got just crust enough left for a pie, but I haven't a berry to fill it with," her grandmother said one morning.

"I'll get you some, grandmother. I shall be glad to," cried Helen, reaching for her sunbonnet and tying her little bark around her waist.

She was delighted to be doing something to help her grandmother, who was always doing things to amuse and interest her, and she started off in high glee.

"I'll go to the mountain pasture, the berries are larger and sweeter there," Helen decided as she tripped across the field back of the house. She was soon climbing the mountain side, on the edge of which were the large, sweet berries she was in search of.

She never thought of being afraid, although she was quite a distance from the house; for what could possibly harm her in Grandmother Fiske's berry pasture?

The berries were thick and rattled noisily into the little white bark. She had taken a tin pail to empty her berries into when her bark was full, and this she had left under a large oak tree where she could easily find it when needed.

It did not take long to fill the bark. She had emptied it twice, and it was full a third time. She would soon have her quart of berries, and visions of the bright ten-cent piece began to dance before her eyes.

"I shall only have to fill my bark once more," she said to herself as she started for the tin pail.

When she got there, she was astonished to see a big black dog helping himself to her berries. Helen was very fond of dogs, but she thought this was a very queer looking one. It was big and shaggy, and had a long, pointed nose and cunning little eyes set very close together.

"I never knew that a dog ate berries before," she said to herself. "Any way, I'm not going to have this one eat up all of mine."

Then Helen seized a stick that happened to be lying near and drove the dog away. He did not want to go at first and still kept on munching berries. But Helen persisted, and pretty soon he trotted off in the direction of the woods. Then Helen went to work at the berry bushes again, and, when her bark was full, she started for home.

She told her grandmother about the large dog with the pointed nose that had helped himself to her berries.

"My dear child, it was not a dog, it was a bear!" exclaimed her grandmother in an alarmed tone.

But still Helen could not understand why her grandmother should fall to kissing her and call her a dear, brave child. She had never learned to be afraid of a bear, you see, and thought one as harmless as the big dog she had thought him to be.

But, when her grandmother informed her that, had he taken a notion to do so, the bear could easily have "hugged her to death" or "eaten her up," she began to think, as her grandmother did, that she had had a wonderful escape from Mr. Bruin's caresses.

"I don't believe I'll go berrying again in the mountain pasture unless you go with me, grandmother," Helen said, as the waiting pie plate was being filled with the berries.

NAMES OF DAYS.

The Latin and Saxon Terms from which they are derived.

OUR names for each day are derived from the Saxons, who probably borrowed the week from some Eastern people, substituting names of their own divinities for those of the classical gods, as is easily seen when the names are tabulated:

Latin.	*Saxon.*	*English.*
Dies Solis	Sun's day	Sunday.
Dies Lunae	Moon's day	Monday.
Dies Martis	Tiw's day	Tuesday.
Dies Mercurii	Woden's day	Wednesday.
Dies Jovis	Thor's day	Thursday.
Dies Veneris	Friga's day	Friday.
Dies Saturni	Seterne's day	Saturday.

Among the ancients the belief in the influence of the planets upon the life of men was so strong that many in selecting their daily ornaments would wear only the gem associated with the planet of the day. Thus on Sunday only yellow gems and gold should adorn the fingers. Pearls and white stones, excepting diamonds, belonged to the Moon day. Tuesday, day of Mars, claimed rubies and all stones of fiery lustre. Thursday, Thor's day, demanded amethysts and deep colored stones of sanguine tint; while Friday, dominated by Venus, reigned over the emerald, color of jealousy, which is love's shadow. Saturday, dedicated to Saturn, oldest of the gods, had for its distinctive talisman the most splendid of all gems, the diamond.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor greets the various readers of *Every Other Sunday*, as they gather once more, with hearty good will. We begin another volume.

In doing this, let us consider what our paper has aimed to be. It was originally the *Day-spring*, a small sheet intended for young folks. Then it enlarged to the present dimensions, seeking in its pages to serve the young people of different ages. It was never intended to be a medium of ideas and information for teachers and adults. True it is that many of the elders turn to *Every Other Sunday* with pleasant anticipations, but the chief thought in the Editor's mind is the interest of the children and young people.

Some inquiries have come to us, and suggestions, that we ought to make this paper more for teachers and ministers.

In our judgment that would change the character of the paper, and destroy the attractiveness for the young people. But some questions have been sent out from our office, and, when we get responses, we can better tell what to do.

Meanwhile we have created a new feature to be called *Notes and Queries*. Here we will talk with the teachers, give advice, offer helps, and answer all letters. The *Letter-Box* will go on just the same, as of old, but with a new title,—*Recreation Corner*. We make this change because *Notes and Queries* will really be the letter-box of *Every Other Sunday*.

Having covered nearly every point and part in the Bible, adaptable to our purpose, we now discontinue *Bible Questions*. It has run for several years, and served to arouse fresh attention in such subjects. The *Home Study Club* will continue. We believe there is nothing more beneficial to youth than the awakening of curiosity as to dates, names, events, and which concern historic personages and transactions.

Our cause is marching on. The Sunday School is an increasing power. Let us all join in the effort to make it more efficient toward the great ends of character-building, citizenship, Christianity. May the vacation days we have spent help us to be stronger workers than ever in the great cause.

For Every Other Sunday.

QUEER HOUSES.

BY ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

SOME boys who live near my home have been building a house of late, quite similar to the house they live in, though much smaller, of course. These boys have had no lumber to build a house of, and no brick and no nails; but they were not troubled over that fact, for neither did their father have any of those things when he built his house.

Most of these houses are built principally of leaves. Possibly you think they must be a poor sort of house; but in fact the large, tough leaves of some kings of palm make very good walls and roofs.

As palm trees grow here, you must know that the climate is very warm; for palms do not grow in cold climates. There are several kinds of palm near my home, which is on an island in the Pacific Ocean. Cocoanut is the most common kind here.

Some of the houses on this island are built of grass, over a framework of poles. Others have walls of bamboo, either the poles merely placed in close rows or else split thin and plaited as for a basket. Floors also are made in both these ways, though most of the houses have no floor but the ground.

They have no windows, either; but there are plenty of chinks in the walls to let in light and air—and rain, also. By the same route enter mosquitoes and lizards and centipedes and scorpions. Some of the people have their houses built over the edge of the sea to escape these pests.

There are houses also that have no walls; but the edges of the roofs reach almost to the ground, like a fisherman's tent. Most of the houses have only one room each, though generally there is a small shed near that is used as a kitchen. The people cook by camp-fires, and it would hardly do to have these in the houses.

Perhaps the strangest of all the buildings here are those made of coral. You may think those must be very fancy; but in fact they are very plain, for not all coral is like the beautiful pieces that you perhaps have seen. Large, solid blocks of coral are cut from the reef that surrounds the island, and these are used like ordinary building stone. Lime for mortar and plaster is made by burning coral.

Neither is there furniture in the houses; for the people sit on the floor, sleep on the floor, and use the floor as a table.

Good and bad luck is but a synonyme, in the great majority of instances, for good and bad judgment.

CHATFIELD.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

THAT knowledge is power was happily illustrated by an incident that happened in Edinburg some years ago. A crowd had gathered around two dogs. The larger one, a powerful mastiff, had the smaller in his relentless grip. Every effort had been made to loosen his hold, such as slitting his ears, and biting and pinching his tail, but in vain. At length a quiet, scholarly looking gentleman came up and asked to be allowed to separate the combatants. Assent was given amid laughter and jeers, when, drawing a snuff-box from his pocket, he applied a pinch of the titillating powder to the mastiff's nose, who not only released his hold but made off as fast as his legs could carry him. The scholar was greeted with cheers, but replied only, "Gentlemen, I have given you proof that knowledge is power."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA I.

I AM composed of 13 letters.
My 4, 6, 2, 8, 9, is a girl's name.
My 1, 12, 7, is a conjunction.
My 10, 5, 12, 13, is what we do to clothes when torn.
My 11, 13, 7, is to be queer.
My 7, 3, 5, is to not live.
My *whole* is some one who is very much interested in the Letter-Box.

MARIE L. TOY.

ENIGMA II.

I AM composed of 11 letters.
My 5, 6, 7, is a part of a pig.
My 4, 2, 8, is a boy's toy.
My 8, 6, 11, is a tin dish.
My 11, 2, 10, 1, is a time of rest.
My 3, 6, 9, is a small unpleasant animal.
My *whole* is a city on the Connecticut.

MARGARET KENT.

SQUARE WORD.

1. THE animal "that came back."
2. What the rat did to the malt in the house that Jack built.
3. What the watch was dropped into in "Alice in Wonderland."

ELIZABETH WARD.

CHARADE.

I AM a pretty flower's name;
If you in two divide the same,
And take my latter half away,
A color I shall then display.

Selected.

QUOTATION ACROSTIC.

WHEN the names of the authors of these quotations are placed in order, their initial letters will give the name of a prophetess who led the women of her people in a famous song of victory, to the accompaniment of the timbrel and the dance. The song begins:

Sing ye to Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously; The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

For the poor will never cease out of the land: therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hand unto thy brother, to thy needy, and to thy poor, in thy land.

And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.

My father made your yoke heavy, but I will add to your yoke: my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.

As Jehovah liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether for death or for life, even there also will thy servant be.

Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live; and so Jehovah, the God of hosts, will be with you.

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Sunday-School Times.

We are glad to meet our young friends again and trust they welcome *Every Other Sunday* once more. We feel very sure of a welcome from one of our readers, for in this issue is an enigma she sent to us last January! but this is the very first opportunity we have had to use it.

The Corner is open to all; we hope it will be filled with bright puzzles of all kinds. Send in all the new ones you have learned during the summer.

There is a sort of economy in Providence that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society. ADDISON.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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